

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Resurrection"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Chuck D:]

Damn back again up on track again
Some of y'all black again it got dark
On your mark get set
Out of sight out of mind
Hyprocrites forget like marionettes
Strings in the back like nets
The chosen one who can laugh themselves to death
Lack of rhymes meaningless punch lines
Battle for your mind
Like Israel and Palastine
Good news there is some hard ass times
No more disses
Repeated hook lines and chorus'
Days of doris'
Got issues and wishes
Got the jam but gettin paid up off the misses
Ain't nothin wrong but wait fuck another love song
It's the r&b strangler bringing nosie in the wranglers
Rock all the heads big times and alzheimers
Shot the pill while I drop skills up in Brazil
Now the pitch
Lord save us from that sword of Davis
That kidnap hip hop tracks and the beats in the game of rap
Put my soul in it
Care less about the gold in it
Boom the shootie
Got 'em running from the paparazzi
Lodie dotie
When the feds come and doom your party
Cracker in the back
Don't you know it's illuminati
Ain't nothing changed
PE we be the same crew
Resurrection in the game here to save you

[Flava Flav:]

Yo it's going down baby
It's going down family
That's my word
We gettin ready to turn this shit to the two and three zeros
Ya know what I'm sayin
Have all the clocks goin backwards
Have everything goin haywire
You lauged before let's see you laugh now blue cow
How now black cow

Word to bird
Word to bird
Word to bird nigga

[Chuck D:]

One on one
Hard like tarot cards
Behold the one man million man march
Takes a nation
400 year violation
Apocalyptic no power in this happy hour
Hazardous no you don't like Lazarus
Just black baby
Where my soul be at
Star spelled backwards is rats
Let bra man rap
I'm trapped in the back with these industry cats
One step forward two steps back
Making habits claiming habitats
Ratta tat tat
Wish you could turn back the hands of time
And get mental
Pop the track eight track Lincoln Continental
I'm the mouth that roared
Swore to the Lord
The eye of hawk
Both live and die by the sword
The forbidden
The six man be sinning from the beginning
The suckers hand be hidden intestine
Knocking your block with some sense
PE got more jewels than dead presidents
The devil try to get me cross like a crucifix
But I am focused on the vultures
Like a loc of locusts
New world order is going down
Gettin round
I'm the spook that sat by the sound
Fucking with Saddam will bring a new Saigon
Ain't nothing changed PE we be the same crew boy

[Flava Flav:]

Yeah that's right
Nine eight
No joking
We coming out smoking
And for all y'all that's been sleeping on us
You're lacking you're lacking ayo check 1-2
I've got my hand that's about to sneak up on you and your crew
Ya know what I'm saying check 1-2
Ayo Masta Killa I want you to put one up in 'em son
And show 'em you ain't done son
Ball 'em with the back of the gun son

Make 'em run son

[Masta Killa:]

Sliding down broadway beneath the j line
Slumped in the incline position
Mind travellin beyond the shell
Which holds the soul controlled by the Allah
I be most humble but also punishable
For those who are unlawful to righteousness
I strive to stay alive and live this
Many fell victim to the wisdom
I mastered this
The track ovulates the mic like prostate gland impregnates
Onto the paper the pain pours
For the love of my brother that hurts just the same fuck fame
My gun I bust to maintain
Moods are insidious
Baffels and eludes those who label the God being anti-social
Chose not to apply their third eye
I travel at the speed of thought rate it's fatal
What will enable a man to levitate

[Flava Flav:]

And you can take that and put that on the back of your brain
Coming straight to you from Masta Killa
Ain't nuttin iller
I told you PE is still in full effect
Beyond the year 2000
We ain't taking no shorts
And y'all need to know that
To make your head fat boy